

THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. V.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN

ARE ALL MANKIND.

[NO. 46.]

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TERMS.

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REFUGES OF OPPRESSION.

CANTERBURY AGAIN!

At a town meeting held in Canterbury, Oct.

25, 1835, the following Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas the signal success of the Revolution-

ary struggle, gave the colonies freedom, and

changed them from dependent Colonies to sov-

erign and independent States; and to preserve

property, life and honor, the Union of these States

was formed upon principles of mutual concession

and compromise. By the adoption of the Constitu-

tion, each State gave its sacred guarantee that

the others should enjoy all their reserved rights,

and the faith of each State, to its utmost extent,

was thereby pledged, that these rights should be

enjoyed, and this Constitution should be kept inviol-

able throughout all coming time. Nearly half a

century has elapsed, and every revolving year

shows the wisdom of the Union, and displays equal-

ity the folly of those who may seek to disturb it.

And, whereas, there is in the Northern States,

a set of men who call themselves Abolitionists,

combined with their money and influence, for the

purpose of exciting local jealousies, and sectional

divisions, the end of which is, to divide and destroy

this Union, in the hope from such a result, to thrust

themselves into power, or to gain some personal

preference:—

Resolved, That at all hazards, the

Union of the States should be preserved, and that

it behooves every lover of his country to stand by

the Constitution, and to defend it against the machi-

inations of all its enemies, whether open or dis-

guised; and all confidence should be withheld from

such persons; and their actions should receive no

countenance or support from honest men or patri-

ots.

Resolved, That as the Constitution does secure

to the twelve slaveholding States, their right of

property, to be regulated by their own Laws, the

non-slaveholding States are virtually imposing

an obligation, when they interfere with that rela-

tion,—we disapprove and discountenance as impos-

ible and unjust, all such interference.

Resolved, That foreign emissaries and reneg-

ades who come here to disturb domestic peace

invasion the sanctity of obligations between States,

and subvert the order and harmony of our Repub-

lic, deserve the execration of all good citizens.

Resolved, That the government of the U. States

—the nation with all its institutions, of right, be-

long to the white men, who now possess them. They

are purchased by the valor and blood of their

Fathers, and must never be surrendered by any

other nation or race of men.

And, whereas, by the combined efforts and ener-

gies of Buffum, Tappan, Garrison and May, an at-

tempt was made, to locate within this town, an es-

tablishment or rendezvous, falsely denominated

“a school”—designed by its projectors, as the theatre

—the place to promulgate their disgusting doc-

trines of amalgamation and their pernicious sen-

timents of subverting the Union. Their pupils were

to have been congregated here from all quarters

under the false pretence of educating them; but

really to “scatter firebrands, arrows and death”

among brethren of our own blood. That news-

paper which called upon the sons of Africa with-

in our government, in the following emphatic lan-

guage,

“Up, Africa, up, come strike

For God and vengeance now,”

was actually the organ and mouth-piece of that es-

tablishment—the light and instructor in that

“school.” That Abolitionist, who openly declared,

while the Southampton massacre was going on,

that the leader of that bloody tragedy, “Nat Tur-

ner,” was in all respects equal to Washington, and his

cause “better,” was known to be one of the early

promoters and daily advisers of this deep laid plot.

That our appeal to the legislature of our State,

in a case of such peculiar mischief, was not only

upon us under the Constitution. To have been si-

lent, would have been participating in the wrong.

The manner that protection was offered

[From the Boston Mercantile Journal.]

THE BOSTON RIOT.

But let us not be misunderstood. While we

would censure in the severest terms the conduct

of the mob, we would not be thought to justify

the conduct of the Abolitionists, with Garrison and

Thompson at their head. The course which they

have adopted, holding meetings for the purpose of

publicly discussing the merits of slavery, and the

propriety of taking measures for abolishing it forth-

with, at the same time denouncing the conduct of

their fellow citizens of the South, is fraught with

evil. It not only prejudices in a very great degree

the cause of the slave, by inducing the slaveholder

to restrict his privileges, but it lays the foundation

for an unnatural and bitter feeling of hostility, be-

tween the citizens of the slaveholding States, and

the non-slaveholding States, which may produce

the most serious consequences to the Republic.

Nor is this all—their conduct tends directly to the

disturbance of the public peace. The present ex-

cit state of the community shows that public

opinion is decidedly opposed to the measures,

which are adopted by the Abolitionists. We have

already evidence from almost every part of New-

England, sufficient to prove that a meeting of the

Abolitionists is but the signal for the assembling

of a mob. This being the case, it becomes the duty

of those, in whose hands the public authorities of

a city or town are vested, to prevent such meetings

by the strong arm of the law. (!!!)

If the Magistrates have not the power to forbid

and prevent assemblages of bodies of men or wo-

men of a nature, which, according to all human

probability, will lead directly to a disturbance of

the public peace—and perhaps to the commission

of atrocities, at which humanity would blush, the

laws of our country are indeed imperfect, and should

be amended with all possible despatch. (!!!) If the

Magistrates have that power, and we cannot doubt

that they have it, (!!!) they ought to exercise it to

prevent the assembling of such meetings, (!!!) and

thus save the community from the disgrace of wit-

nessing the acts of men, who, the victims of a

morbid excitement, rashly assume the functions of

the judge and the executioner.

We admit unhesitatingly, that the proceedings

of Garrison and Thompson, and those who act

with them, cannot be justified either upon the

score of principle or expediency. We presume

that every liberal minded man, who is not laboring

under a hapless delusion on this subject, whether

he be what is termed an Abolitionist or a Coloni-

zationist, will condemn their conduct in toto. Their

deliberate and impudent efforts to irritate the

great mass of the people under a pretence that they

would convince them of their errors in relation to

the subject of slavery, deserve the most severe reprob-

ation. We have no sympathies for them. And we

cannot help entertaining an opinion that the

authorities of this city, and of towns in various

parts of Massachusetts, have been neglectful of

their duties, in not arresting these disturbers of

the public peace, these manufacturers of brands

and riots, and causing them to give security in a

large amount for their future good behavior. Such

a measure, we believe, is what justice requires, and

what the laws would sanction. (!!!)

PROCEEDINGS OF ECCLESIASTICAL

BODIES ON SLAVERY.

In the proceedings of the Synod of Virginia, we

find the following:

The resolutions of Winchester Presbytery, the

preamble and resolution of East Hanover Pres-

bytery, on the subject of abolition, also a paper

presented by Prof. Taylor, on the general subject

of slavery, were read—and after a protracted and

interesting discussion, were committed to Dr's

Baxter and Hill, and Rev. Messrs S. B. Wilson, S.

Taylor, B. F. Stanton, J. Hendon, and Messrs

Caskie, Maxwell, Dr. J. Jones and Mr. Payne.

The debate on this subject, which was protracted

until about 10 o'clock, was very ably sustained,

and all appeared deeply interested in it. Rev.

Drs Hill, Baxter and Carroll, and Rev. Messrs

Taylor and Stanton, Wm. Maxwell, Esq., and a few

others not now recollected spoke on the subject.

The question in debate, was not respecting the

folly and extravagance of the proceedings of aboli-

tionists, for on this subject there was but one

opinion, but concerning the great principles, ex-

pressively revealed in the writings of the Apostles in

respect to the relations of master and slave. The

result of the discussion, so far as it respects aboli-

tionists and the duty of ministers, may be seen in

REPORT ON ABOLITION.

The committee to whom were referred the

Resolutions &c. have, according to order, had the

same under consideration—and respectfully report

that in their judgment, the following resolutions

The above preamble and resolutions having

been severally read, and adopted by paragraphs,

the Moderator asked, and obtained leave to vote

with the Synod on the adoption of the entire

report. The question being put, it was unani-

mously adopted, every member, it is believed,

giving it a hearty response.

SLAVERY.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH AT THE N. Y.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Mr. President—Allow me to commence a few

remarks by stating the history of this resolution

On returning home from Utica last night, my mind

was so much excited with the horrid scenes of the

day, and the frightful enormities made on the

right of free discussion, that I could not sleep, and

at 3 o'clock I left my bed and drafted the resolu-

tion as just read, and also noted down a few lines

of thought which I may refer to or not as I proceed.

It is known to all here that I am not a member

of the Anti-Slavery Society—not am I prepared

to become a member. I rise under the courtesy

of the vote by which I have been kindly invited

to sit with you and take part in your deliberations.

At the same time, I am admonished by passing

events, that it will soon be necessary for every

friend of human rights or of the slave, and every

man who is not himself a slave, or willing to be

one, to act in concert with those over whose head

the war is apparently to be carried on against the

right of free discussion. And probably the day is

not distant, when, with all my objections, I shall

become a member of your society.

That I have had objections to the course of the

Anti-Slavery Society, is well known. What those

objections were, I need not state here. They are

spread out before the public, and it would be un-

reasonable to bring them forward here.

This much, however, I will say now. Your

great principles are my great principles. I was

born with them. I am not conscious that I ever

in my life opposed, for an hour, the great and glo-

rious doctrine of immediate emancipation. The

odious doctrines that you hold, I hold also. All

the sentiments that occasion you to be called amal-

gamators and insurrectionists, make the support-

ers of slavery call me an amalgamator and an in-

urrectionist. I love to look at the Anti-Slavery

Society, and at myself, and to say,

Una spes, unaque salus, ambobus erit.

When I see your reputation, and property, and

lives in peril, I love to bring my reputation, and

property, and life into the same peril. Let me

read the resolution:

Resolved, That the right of free discussion, given

to us by our God, and asserted and guarded by

the laws of our country, is a right so vital to man's

freedom, and dignity, and usefulness, that we can

never be guilty of its surrender, without consenting

to exchange that freedom for slavery, and that dig-

nity and usefulness, for debasement and worthles-

ness.

I love our free and happy government. But

not because it confers any new rights upon us.

Our rights spring from a nobler source than hu-

man constitutions and governments—from the fi-

vor of Almighty God. Constitutions and laws

are modes of human device for asserting and de-

fining and carrying out the great natural and in-

herent rights of man, which belong to him as a

rational creature of God. We do not learn our

rights in the Book of Constitutions. We learn

them from the Book of Books, which is the great

charter of human rights. Rights belong to hu-

man nature. Constitutions at the most, do but

recognize and preserve what never was theirs to

give. The reason why I love a republican form

of government, is not that this form of govern-

ment clothes us with rights withheld by other

forms, but that it makes fewer encroachments on

the rights which God gave us, fewer restrictions

upon the divinely appointed scope of man's na-

ture.

We are not indebted to the Constitution of the

zens of Utica and dissolve their Convention. If they refuse, then the fault will be theirs. They claim a right, as free citizens, to pursue their inflammatory discussions, however pernicious and destructive they may be. And I suppose we must bear it. In this land of freedom, we must submit. Let us hear their justification for this outrage upon our feelings, if they have any. We can bear it and we will hear it. [No, we won't bear it, now burst out from the crowd, 'we won't bear it, let them go home, let them ask our forgiveness and we will let them go.']

Other members of the committee loudly and authoritatively demanded that the convention should dissolve. They would not have a committee, they would not allow any further proceedings. Those who followed them into the house were still more violent. They were evidently inflamed, both with passion and strong drink, to the pitch of madness. They seemed to be under the control of their leaders, and to go no further than they were permitted. One of the crowd said, 'Let them say the word, and I am ready to tear the rascals in pieces.' Loud threats of violence, and tearing the house down were reiterated, with yells that must be heard to be known. The contrast between the 'incendiary' members of the convention, sitting calmly on their seats, and the 'orderly and peaceable' throng that filled the aisles, belching forth blasphemies, and foaming like the troubled sea, or like a guilty conscience, was very impressive.

ALVAN STEWART, Esq., a highly respectable lawyer, long a citizen of Utica, attempted to speak, but they cried out, 'We won't hear him, he shall not speak, he's crazy, he's a fanatic.' Our honorable chairman, who has seen more than his three score years attempt to make some remarks, when he was told by one of the committee 'Hold your tongue, old man.' It is impossible to report the mingled cries, and imprecations, threats and blasphemies, that ensued. At length it became evident, that it would be impossible to transact any further business there, and that the crowd had been sharpened for violence, and would soon be let loose from their leash by those who held them in. And inasmuch as the main object of the convention had been attained, by our assembling peaceably in Utica and forming a State Society, and the rest of the business could be done in some other place, it was thought best to dissolve the convention; and accordingly, on motion, it was adjourned, sine die.

The leading members of the committee of twenty-five proclaimed the result to their followers in the aisles, and begged that the convention might quietly depart. Most of the members were unimpaired, except by the blasphemies they heard. A few were violently hustled out, and one or two clergymen slightly injured. As they were retiring, a cry was raised by some of the committee for the 'papers,' whereupon a number gathered round the venerable secretary and demanded that he should give up the papers. He resolutely refused, was crowded back to the wall, seized by the collar, shook, and threatened with blows, but still held on to his papers.

A member of the committee of twenty-five, a young man, holding an important public office, said to him, 'God damn you, give them up, or I will knock you on the head, or words similar, at the same time raising his cane over the head of this aged and venerable minister of the gospel. At length another of the committee, his own son, came up and begged him, 'Do, father, give them up, and save your life; give them to me, and I will pledge myself they shall be returned to you again.' He then complied, and was led out of the house unhurt, while the prize was raised aloft, and carried away with great exultation. It consisted of a small slip of paper, with a few lines of memoranda in pencil marks. The important documents of the meeting, the Constitution and Declaration of Principles, had been taken by the chairman and prudently deposited in his coat pocket, where they remained in safety till called for by the society. Several sheets of harmless white paper were indignantly torn up and scattered, and trampled under foot.

SCOTLAND.

[From the Glasgow (Scotland) Chronicle of Sept. 25.]

PROCEEDINGS AT THE PUBLIC MEETING TO PRESENT THE EMANCIPATION SOCIETY'S ADDRESS TO MR. O'CONNELL.

Agreeably to advertisement, a public meeting was held on Wednesday, at half-past 8 o'clock, in Hope-street Baptist Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Paterson's) to present the above address to Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. Robert Graham, Esq. of Whitehall, President of the Society, in the Chair. In consequence of the careful arrangements of the Committee, all overcrowding of the Chapel was completely prevented. About 10 o'clock the arrival of Mr. O'Connell was announced by the shouts of those assembled outside, and shortly afterwards he entered the Chapel, accompanied by a large number of the Committee, and amid hearty cheers from all parts of the meeting.

The CHAIRMAN said he would not detain them a minute from the business in which they were to be engaged. He would merely mention that they had met for the purpose of presenting an address to Mr. O'Connell, prepared by the Committee of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and which would now be read by Mr. James Johnston. In the spirit and sentiments of that address, he was sure they would all most heartily concur.

Before reading the address, Mr. Johnston said, that, in compliance with the wishes of the Trustees of the Chapel, he had to request that no demonstration of feeling should be made by the audience, except by the hands. He then read the following address, to which Mr. O'Connell listened with the most marked attention:—

To Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P.

Sir, We, the President, other Office-bearers, and Members of Committee, of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, embrace this opportunity of your visit to this City, to express to you, our admiration of the promptitude and energy with which you have always advocated the Abolition of Slavery.

This we feel ourselves called upon to do, as humble co-workers in the same great and good cause; and, whilst we congratulate you on the measure of success already obtained in the British Colonies, we confidently rely upon your further co-operation, in not only acquiring for the negroes there, complete and entire Emancipation, but also, in endeavoring to procure for the Five Millions still in Slavery throughout the world, the possession of the same great blessing.

Regarding you, Sir, as a friend of humanity, and especially, on this occasion, as the friend of the Slave, we feel it to be at once gratifying to ourselves, and dutiful to you, to render you this mark of our esteem; and to compensate you, so far as our approbation goes, for the countenance and reproach which the opponents of universal liberty, have, with such profusion, showered upon you.

It appears somewhat remarkable, that the Pro-Slavery press of Republican North America, and the British Anti-Liberal press should vie with each other, in bitter invective and low scurrility directed against you, on account of some strong expressions of just indignation, respecting Republican America and her Two and a-half Millions of Slaves, of which you made use at a Public Meeting in Exeter Hall, in May last; and these Liberty-enjoying, but Slavery-inflicting Republicans, have even gone so far as to make those expressions of yours, a pretext for riot and attack upon your countrymen in the United States. The truth is too strong for them—they cannot bear the light of it. But let us hope that the more enlightened portion of the American people, will, on feeling its powerful convictions, in place of attacking your countrymen, attack and destroy, root and branch, that system of Bondage which is a curse to their country, and which, if they persist in endeavoring to uphold, will, there is reason to believe, ere long destroy their Republic itself.

Would to God that the people of these States would act on that principle of the magnanimous Bolivar, (referred to by you ten years ago, in a speech at a General Meeting of the London Anti-Slavery Society) who, after liberating his own Slaves, in addressing the assembled Senators of his Government, said, 'I beg as fervently of my Country as I would for the lives of my children, that you will never consent that Clime, or Color, or Creed, should make any distinction in your Republic.'

In conclusion, Sir,—having entire confidence that, as you have so long and so nobly distinguished yourself, in the Anti-Slavery cause, you will persevere in it with us, while Slavery exists in any quarter of the Globe, we beg leave to be permitted to extol you as an Honorary Member of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, which has for its object, 'the Abolition of Slavery throughout the world.' This Society has had in America, for the last twelve months, as its Agent, the eloquent and excellent George

Thompson, Esq., (whom we believe you know) advocating the immediate Abolition of Slavery in the United States—part of whose Journal we take the liberty to hand you, with the first Annual Report of our Society; and whilst we acknowledge that the Abolition of Colonial Slavery has been greatly aided by your fellow-countrymen, yet not having heard of their further efforts, we would respectfully and earnestly request you, to incite them to unite with us in the cause of Universal Abolition; and that you will tell them, as you declared you would, at the conclusion of your Speech at Exeter Hall, in April, 1831—that they ought not to be laggards in the race of humanity—which, with your example before them, we feel assured they will not.

This, Sir, we need not tell you, is not the cause of any political or religious party—it embraces amongst its friends, men of all parties, and of all creeds—it is the cause of every man who loves his fellow-man as himself—hence, it is a cause which has the approbation of God; through whose blessing it will, we trust, speedily become triumphant.

Signed and read by appointment of the Committee, ROBERT GRAHAM, President.

Glasgow, 25th September, 1835.

Mr. O'CONNELL then ascended a small platform which had been placed for his accommodation in front of the pulpit, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. The address, he said, contained many topics, approved by his judgment, and dear to his heart. (Cheers.) It contained much stirring stirring excitement upon which he liked to dwell. (Renewed Cheers.) But perhaps, after all, that which he liked best was the species of motive which it presented for gratitude—gratitude, not only on account of his individual self, but gratitude savoring of that which had been defined political—a strong sense of future favors. (Cheers.) And though that definition might be said to characterize only the gratitude of selfish men, yet it suited his purpose on this occasion, to appropriate it to himself, because the sentiments which the address contained conveyed an assurance to his mind, that the members of this Society would continue their exertions in the cause of Emancipation. Yes, the most ardent aspirations of his after life, would be to diffuse over the whole globe, a feeling in favor of the suffering negro; and if there was any thing more than another that he would wish impressed on the minds of those present, it was, that they should not suffer their good wishes to slumber, but persevere in the glorious cause in which they had already so pre-eminently distinguished themselves. And why not persevere? continued Mr. O'C. Have you done with the work? No. Is it completed? No. You have yet to address yourselves to the emancipation of five millions of slaves; and while a single one of these remains in bondage, the feelings of humanity, the spirit of Christian charity, forbids sinking into torpor. The work was certainly well begun. They had obtained the half of that for which they were striving, but it was what was called in Ireland the smallest half; (laughter and cheers,) the children's half—the biggest one—remained behind. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) The proverbial carelessness of his own countrymen might be satisfied with this; John Bull, more solid, would demand more; while Scotsmen, beaming with intelligence, must think that work but spoiled, which remained only half-done. He would require, however, to descend to a lower fraction; not even a fourth had been gained. Nay, in many respects, their condition had been rendered worse by the change. The name of Slave had, no doubt, been abolished, but that of Apprentice had been introduced in its stead. And what was Apprenticeship? They all knew well what it was; but what was it there? An old woman of 70 was told, that she was no longer a Slave, but an Apprentice; and what a delightful consolation to the toothless black old lady to receive such information! (Great laughter.) They all knew that his friend Stanley, (laughter) who had put his name on the work with out recognizing the labors of his friends—(and how many years had the Society of Friends, and other Sects, not dependent on an endowment from Government, in all sincerity and purity of heart, though long without hope, labored anxiously in the cause)—they all knew that Stanley thought the apprenticeship so good as to propose extending it to a period of twelve years; so that the old lady of 70 would have had the gratifying prospect of being made entirely free at the joyous and merry age of 82. (Laughter.) The apprenticeship was good so far; it had taken away the lash from the unfelicitous hand of the slave owner—that lash which had been so often employed in the punishment of virtue, at the mandate of foul and infernal passion, with a ferocious cruelty which would have been too bad for even the greatest of vices. (Loud and continued cheering.) But while the lash had been taken from the hand of the master, it had been only to transfer it into that of the stipendiary magistrate. And they ought to remember that the poor slave had no dinner, no supper, no rich treat to give that magistrate, while the rich planter had all these at his command. Nor did he calumniate the magistrates in speaking thus. There might be many good men among them; but they were men, and wealth might be expected to exercise its corrupting influence over them. Mr. O'Connell then proceeded to impress upon the meeting, the necessity of urging upon the legislature the abolition of the Apprenticeship. Their exertions, he said, should not be confined to Glasgow alone; the voice of Scotland should be heard next Session of Parliament, in a tone, loud, strong, and even menacing if they would. This also required to be done quickly. They would soon be told that apprenticeship was nearly at an end. But, Heaven help the poor negro—Slavery and chains count by hours, and reckon by minutes. But that champion whose talents and energies had been devoted to this glorious cause, who had followed in the footsteps of the immortal Wilberforce—Fowell Buxton—had pledged himself to bring in a Bill next Session of Parliament, for the immediate abolition of negro-apprenticeship in the British Colonies. There would then, no doubt, be some talk of remuneration to the slave proprietor. He could never bear the name proprietor, as applied to those who hold human beings in bondage. We might use the word property in relation to sheep, or cows, or horses, or pigs. But as soon as he would claim property in his fellow-man, he would assent to the pig's claiming property in him. Mr. Buxton, he repeated, was pledged to bring in a bill; and the question was, would he succeed. Of his success, he had no doubt; were he backed, as he ought to be, by the public voice as before. (Cheers.) And let no man say that his assistance would be useless; there was no one but might do something—he could at least put his name to a petition, and if all did so, twelve millions of names would be presented to Parliament, and that was on the supposition that only males should sign. But he saw nothing to prevent the Ladies from lending their aid. The most powerful petition that had ever been presented to Parliament in favor of negro emancipation, was one to which the signatures of 35,000 Ladies were attached. Let all then unite in support of Mr. Buxton's motion, and surely they had a reasonable prospect of success. They had already paid twenty millions; and why not receive full value in return? He would insist on receiving full value; not indeed the very 'pound of flesh,' but the entire souls and bodies of those whom they had ransomed. Convinced that the inhuman traffickers in slaves had long received full value for the money they had laid out, he had opposed the grant of the 20 millions. He considered that, if given at all, it should have been given to the slaves, as they had been the sufferers. He had been out-voted. But since it was so, he would not now be content with any instalment which the slave owners might offer. He would not even take 19s. 6d. in the pound. (Laughter.) He must have the whole. Nothing less than the sovereign remedy would satisfy him. (Great cheering and laughter.) Mr. O'Connell then congratulated the friends of freedom on the unity of sentiment that bound them together in the holy cause

in which they were engaged. Whatever differences of religious belief, continued he, might exist among them, these were left to that God who alone could determine which of them was right. But all would agree with him, that of these three things, Faith, Hope, and Charity, the greatest was Charity. (Cheers.) Animated by that principle, they had joined their exertions, and had been already so far successful. He trusted that their 'chalanx' would become yet more close and serried, as they pressed forward in the struggle, and that they would still advance till they secured the full fruits of their victory in unqualified emancipation. (Cheers.) And when this shall have been accomplished, let them come with another broadside on the United States of America. (Laughter.) He had, himself, given the Americans two or three good hard thumps; for which they had paid him wages in abuse and scurrility. He was satisfied that they had done so. He was accustomed to receive such wages in return for his labors. He had never done good but he was vilified for his pains; and he felt that he could not sleep soundly were such opponents to cease abusing him. (Cheers.) He would continue to earn such wages. (Cheers.) By the blessing of God he would yet trample on the serpent of slave-owning cupidity, and triumph over the hiss of the foul reptile, which marked its agony and excited his contempt. The Americans, in their conduct toward the slaves, were traitors to the cause of human liberty, foul detractors of the democratic principle, which he had cherished throughout his political life, and blasphemers of that great and sacred name which they pretended to recognize. For, in their solemn league and covenant, the declaration of American Independence, they declared that all men (he used their own words) have certain 'inalienable rights'—these they defined to be, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To maintain these, they pledged themselves with all the solemnity of an oath, in the presence of Almighty God. That aid which they had invoked from heaven, had been awarded to them, but they had violated their awfully solemn compact with the Deity, and set at naught every principle which they professed to hold sacred, by keeping two and a half millions of their fellow-men in bondage. In reprobation of that disgraceful conduct, his humble voice had been heard across the wide waves of the Atlantic. Like the thunder-storm in its strength, it had careered against the breeze, armed with the lightning of Christian truth. (Great cheering.) And, let them seek to repress it as they may—let them murder and assassinate in the true spirit of Lynch's law; the storm would wax louder and louder until it tilled the claims of justice became too strong to be withstood, and the black man would stand up, too big for his chains. It seemed, indeed—he hoped what he was about to say was not profane—as if the curse of the Almighty had already overtaken them. For the first time in their political history, disgraceful tumult and anarchy had been witnessed in their cities. Blood had been shed without the sanction of law, and even Sir Robert Peel had been enabled—but he was here in danger of becoming political. (Cries of no, no—go on, and cheers.) Well, then, even Sir R. Peel had been enabled to taunt the Americans with gross inconsistency, and lawless proceedings. He differed from Sir Robert Peel on many points. (Laughter.) Every body knew that. (Renewed laughter.) It was no doubt presumption in him to differ from so great a man; but yet such was the fact. (Laughter.) On one point, however, he fully agreed with him. Let the proud Americans learn that all parties in this country unite in condemnation of their present conduct; and let them also learn that the worst of all Aristocracies is that which prevails in America—an aristocracy which has been aptly denominated that of the human skin. The most insufferable pride was that shown by such an Aristocracy. And yet he must confess that he could not understand such pride. He could understand the pride of noble descent. He could understand why a man should plume himself on the success of his ancestors, in plundering the people some centuries ago. He could understand the pride arising from immense landed possessions. He could even understand the pride of wealth, the fruit of honest and careful industry. But when he thought of the color of the skin making men aristocratic, he felt his astonishment to vie with his contempt. Many a white skin covered a black heart; yet an aristocrat of the skin was the proudest of the proud. Republicans were proverbially proud, and therefore he delighted to taunt the Americans with the superlative meanness, as well as injustice, of their assumed airs of superiority over their black fellow-citizens. (Cheers.) He would continue to hurl his taunts across the Atlantic. These would ascend the Mississippi, they would descend the Missouri, and be heard along the banks of the Ohio and the Monongahela, till the black man would leap delighted to express his gratitude to those who had effected his emancipation. (Cheers.) And, Oh,—but perhaps it was his pride that dictated the hope—that some black O'Connell might rise among his fellow slaves—(tremendous cheers) who would cry, agitate, agitate, agitate (renewed cheering) till the two millions and a half of his fellow sufferers learned the secret of their strength—learned that they were two millions and a half. (enthusiastic cheers.) If there was one thing which more than another could excite his hatred, it was the laws which the Americans had framed to prevent the instruction of their slaves. To teach a slave to read, was made a capital offence. (Shame.) To be seen in company with a negro who could write, was visited with imprisonment, (shame) and to teach a slave the principles of freedom was punished with death. Were these human laws, it might be asked? Were they not laws made by wolves of the forest? No, they were made by a congregation of two-legged wolves—American wolves—monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and of their humanity, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them. (Cheers.) With regard to the attacks which had been made upon his countrymen by such men, he rejoiced at them. (Cheers.) These proved to him that the sufferings to which they had been subjected in the land of their birth, had not been lost upon them; but that their kindly affections had been nurtured into strength, and that they had ranged themselves on the side of the oppressed slave. (Cheers.) He was not afraid of his countrymen being crushed; there were a good many of them, and a man who should try to take off the head of one of them, would find that he had something to do before it would leave Paddy's shoulders. (Laughter.)

He had once heard a story of a man who called himself a 'lord of the creation.' Proud of the title, and indulging high notions of the consequence he imagined it to confer, he determined, as an exercise of his authority, to shear a wolf. I am a 'lord of the creation,' said he, 'and therefore I have a right to shear a wolf. (Laughter.) His lordship accordingly went out to the forest with that intent. (Renewed laughter.) And how did he return? Why, of course, a skeleton. Nothing more was left of this 'lord of the creation,' than what the wolf took not the pains to devour. (Great laughter.) Now, he did not think that the Irish would altogether devour those who might attack them; but the Americans might rest assured, that they would not submit to be shorn. Well, if ever a moment of leisure were granted him—and this was what he had scarcely ever enjoyed yet—idleness would in fact literally kill him—but if ever he found so much leisure at his command, as to be able to write to his countrymen in America, he would come to them to laugh the republican slave owners to scorn. He would tell them, whenever they met an atrocious American, to call out to him, Negro. (Laughter.) What was sauce for the goose, was

sauce for the gander. If the black of the African is sufficient to mark him for a slave, his yellow has no right to claim an exception. But, in sober sadness, he would manifest his gratitude for the compliment which had been paid him, by giving the society a wholesome advice. It was, first to put an end to the slavery of the apprentices in the West India colonies, and then to turn to the slavery of the United States. Did they need a stimulant? Let them consider the state of the Negro, condemned to perpetual ignorance—an ignorance, infinitely worse than slavery—an ignorance of the light of Christian truth. (Cheers.) Look at the negro father returning to his family from his unrequited toil. He views his children as they cling around him, and shudders at the thought that they must inherit his misery. The mother looks upon the child that she has borne, and knows that she is but rearing the slave of another. Instead of a blessing she feels that in each child she has been visited with a curse. He conjured every one whom he now addressed, not to consider his political sentiments, or allow them to interfere with the sacred duty of joining in aid of the oppressed. Let no one, said Mr. O'Connell, go from this meeting, till he has determined to join the Emancipation Society. (Loud cheering.) Let all who love freedom, all who love religion, all who attach importance to the welfare of the human soul, unite in their exertions to give the negro liberty, to give him instruction, to give him an opportunity of receiving the great and universally acknowledged truths of the Gospel, and Slavery will soon be at end for ever. On resuming his seat, Mr. O'Connell was greeted with the most rapturous applause, which was renewed and re-renewed for several minutes. The cheering having at last subsided,

Mr. JOHNSTON said, he was happy that he could now address Mr. O'Connell as a member of their Committee, and he wished to transact a little business with him in that capacity. They had heard with pleasure that Mr. Buxton was to move next session for a total abolition of the accursed apprenticeship system. But some apprehensions were entertained that further compensation would be demanded, and that possibly Mr. Buxton, in his zeal and anxiety for the complete emancipation of the Negro, might be induced to accede to some such accommodation. Now, the Committee had to express a hope, that were such a proposal made, Mr. O'Connell would divide the House upon it.

Mr. O'CONNELL—Even though I should stand alone, I will do so—(great cheering.) I may add, however, that I have no apprehension of any such attempt—it would be too great a robbery of the laboring population of this country.

The CHAIRMAN then said,—I heartily concur in rendering due honors to Mr. Buxton and his coadjutors. But we ought never to forget the man, who, in this great and good cause, labored more abundantly than they all—Thomas Clarkson. It was by his indefatigable exertions, attended with the sacrifice of his time, his health and strength, and all his worldly prospects, that the whole dark arena of the system most audaciously called a Trade—the Slave Trade, but which was, in fact, a complete system of piracy and murder, were fully laid open and judiciously proved before the British Parliament, and this so called trade was then designated by the Legislature of Great Britain to be piracy, and subjected to the punishment of death. It was by the efforts of Thomas Clarkson, that Mr. Wilberforce was enabled to produce complete proofs before Parliament of the fraud, violence, and bloodshed with which the system was commenced in Africa, and was maintained in America. The measure of justice and relief, therefore, which has now been granted by Parliament to the injured slaves in the British Colonies, ought, in justice, to be attributed, primarily, to Thomas Clarkson.

Mr. JAMES BEITH then moved that a vote of thanks should be given to the venerable chairman—upon which Mr. O'Connell immediately started up. He was happy, he said, at the liberty which his newly acquired privilege of membership, gave, in enabling him to second the motion, which was then carried by shouts of acclamation.

By the time the meeting broke up, a large crowd was in waiting in front of the chapel to catch a sight of Mr. O'Connell, as he entered the carriage. His appearance was hailed with loud cheers from the spectators. He immediately drove off to his hotel, which he left about half past twelve for Paisley, in his travelling carriage, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Brewster, of Paisley. As we elsewhere mentioned, he had engaged to meet the inhabitants of that town at 12 o'clock to-day.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Qui non vult, cum debeat, et possit, Jubet. THEODORE LYMAN, THE MAYOR OF BOSTON, CO-OPERATING WITH A MOB.

MR. EDITOR.—Every person may freely speak, write and print, on any subject.—Constitution of a slave State. The right here alluded to, all men, in every part of the world and of every color, receive from God. The Constitution of the United States, of every State in the Union, guarantees to all this right, nearly in the precise words which I have quoted. Here, then, we take our stand. We have a right, and all men have a right, to speak, or write, or print freely on any subject. Every man is an enemy to civil and religious liberty, who, by legal enactments or by violence, restricts us in the use of this right.

A Mob was recently called in Boston, by Homer & Palmer, Editors of the Gazette, and by others, to deprive our citizens of this inalienable right. That mob was called, *avowedly*, to destroy freedom of speech in this city, and to assault the property, persons, and lives of our citizens, for exercising their right to speak and write freely on the subject of slavery. The inquiry is often made—Who were the leaders of that mob to plunder and murder?

My object in this communication, will be to show, that Theodore Lyman, Mayor of Boston, was a co-operator with that ruffian mob. I would arraign this man—the Mayor of Boston—before the world and before God, for his tolerance of the mob, which, on Oct. 21st, 1835, brought a deeper disgrace on the city than ever it suffered before. I charge it on the soul of Theodore Lyman, that he was an accessory of that mob. I will present my arguments, and then let the world decide the question.

1. The course of the Mayor, previous to the call for a mob, issued by Homer & Palmer.

What had been his course? He had been using all his private, personal influence for some time previous to that formal call, to dissuade the Abolitionists from holding public meetings for prayer and discussion on the subject of slavery. He had interviews with us to try to dissuade us from discussing freely and openly, in public meetings and in print, this great and momentous subject, involving, as all allow, our political existence. He would have persuaded us to refrain from giving public notice of our meeting—to refrain from inviting our beloved brother from England to address us, for fear of exciting a mob. He was afraid we should exasperate the people beyond en-

durance, and that they would get beyond the control of all law. He tried to convince us of the danger of braving public opinion. He assured us, with great meaning and emphasis, that nine tenths of the people were against us, i. e. against freedom of speech, and of the press and against civil liberty. Thus he labored with us to induce us to give up an inalienable right—a right which it is of the utmost importance to our country and the world, should be exercised most freely at this time and on this subject of slavery, and he did not take it very kindly that we would not yield up this right at his request.

Then came the meeting in Faneuil Hall—called for the avowed object of exciting the people against Abolitionists, to prevent them from discussing the subject of slavery. The Abolitionists were held up before that meeting as traitors and rebels to their country—as instigators of lust, plunder, civil war and murder. The Orators of that day labored hard to present us as the worst of men. A bitter and murderous feeling was excited against us—simply because we are opposed to slavery. Who was the Chairman of that meeting? Who first addressed that meeting, to hold up to their reprobation the abolitionists? Theodore Lyman, Mayor of Boston. He led that meeting, and thus publicly pledged himself to our enemies to wink at their efforts to deprive us of our dearest rights, and to trample in the dust the Constitution and the laws. When the Mayor consented to become the Chairman of that meeting which was called to deprive us of our freedom, and to make us all slaves, he virtually arrayed himself against freedom of speech and of the press.

Then after, by the influence of that meeting, the people had become thoroughly exasperated against us, and they were prepared for deeds of plunder and outrage, and there was every reason to expect that in the evening our property and persons and lives would be assaulted, the Mayor neglected to take any measures to protect us. How could he consistently do it? He had been chosen the leader of those who were resolved to make us slaves, which was the same as to resolve to murder us, and he had accepted the appointment.

Then came the Gallows, erected before Mr. Garrison's door. What did the Mayor do in this thing? Did he make any efforts to detect and punish those who had openly threatened to assassinate a citizen of Boston in the public streets—because he was an enemy to slavery and the friend of liberty? Did he offer any reward to secure the assassins? Did he make any proclamation to arrest them? Did he call on the citizens to gather around and defend the outraged law? Did he send out his constables to be on the watch? Not at all. He moved not a finger to arrest the authors of that outrage. By his silence, if not directly, he countenanced them.

Such was the course of the Mayor, previous to the direct call to violence and murder, issued by Homer & Palmer, and others.

2. The Mayor's course between the direct call to violence and the assembling of the mob.

Several days previous to the mob, Homer and Palmer, Editors of the Gazette, issued a call to the citizens of Boston, to assemble at such a time and place, and by 'acts of lawless violence' prevent the abolitionists from discussing the subject of civil and religious liberty. Examine this call to violence and bloodshed. Whom were the people invited to mob? The abolitionists. Why? Because, 'in opposition to the feelings and wishes of nine-tenths of the citizens of Boston,' they dared to assert that slaveholding is *sin*, and to maintain the principles of our Declaration of civil and religious liberty;—because we dared to hold our meetings in the broad face of day, and 'to continue our denunciations against the American system of robbery and piracy,' and against American robbers and pirates. To whom is this call to murder given? Not to the base 'rabble,' but to men of property and standing—to those men among us who live without work—the gentlemen at large, who can get drunk on wine, and who parade our streets, stiff in hand—and to all the large dealers who do business with the southern robbers and pirates, and who are largely concerned in the continuance of our national system of piracy. There seemed to be a particular wish on the part of those Editors who called the mob, that no body should share in the rich harvest of glory to accrue from routing a prayer meeting of gentle females, and murdering an unoffending and most peaceable citizen, but 'men of property and standing.' These soft-handed, satin-gloved gentlemen of tape and bobbin were to have all the honor, and they did have it all—for the 'rabble,' i. e. the mechanics and laborers, and our Irish and colored citizens, had no hand in the precious business. This call to murder was sent all over the city.

Then appeared the Handbill, offering \$100 reward to him who would 'snake out' the victim—i. e. drag him out, and murder him. This handbill, offering a reward for murder, was seen posted up around the city in open day—was read and commented on by thousands.

A preparatory mob actually assembled a few days previous, and for the same purpose, and were dispersed only by being assured that the meeting was not an abolition meeting, and that Thompson was not in the building.

Where was our Mayor the while? The call for a mob, and the handbill, inviting to murder, must have been seen by him. He must have known that the 'men of property and standing' in the city contemplated an assault on the person and life of an unoffending man, whom, by his oath of office, he was bound to protect. Knowing these things, what ought the Mayor to have done? By his oath of office—by the laws which he had sworn to support, he ought to have taken his stand, and said—These ladies shall not be disturbed in their meeting, and Mr. Thompson shall be allowed to address them. Their dearest rights shall be protected. It was his duty to say this, and if appearances demanded, he was bound, by his oath and by the laws of the city, to have called out the military, and to have lined the street with bayonets and cannon. I say his oath of office and the

LITERARY.

[Selected for the Liberator.]

RECOLLECTIONS.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Our infant years. Is it not beautiful,
The light that hovers round it? Every spot
To which the burning dreams of memory cling,
Amid life's dim and shadowy solitudes,
Wears the deep glory of those blessed Isles,
To which the bright-winged visions of the soul
Go off in slumbers, when the quiet dreamer
Slips to his rest in joyousness. The star,
That floats upon the dim and misty billow,
In beautiful repose, as if unsphered
From its blue, lonely home; the softened glow
That rests upon the far off mountain's summit,
When evening's twilight lifts her rosy plume,
Are emblems of the brightness memory flings
Upon the sunny moments, that went by
On an unfaded pinion, while the world
Was but a dream of loveliness, and Fancy
In the high realms of thought.

Years have passed,
Long years of weariness, since last I gazed
Upon those hills and waters—yet again,
As here I muse, life's early memories
Steal in their freshness o'er me, and my heart
Leaps to the sweet, wild melody, that thrilled
Through all its depths, ere life's bright bow had faded
From childhood's purple morning, or the stream
Of Time, that gushed exulting by, had lost
The tints of Heaven's blue beauty. Memory hangs
With thrilling fondness on each dear moment,
That tells of those far years, and many a chord,
Touched by her melancholy hand, awakes
From its long, dreamless slumber, and its strains
Of sweet and mournful melody wildly fall
Upon the ear of Fancy—like the tones,
That come upon the dying winds of eve
From the far moonlit ocean, when the storm
Sleeps on the waters, and the waves are heaving
As heaves the stricken bosom. Every scene
Is living with the high and voiceless spirit
Of life's departed Eden. Early joys,
So deep, so beautiful, they almost seem
The vision of a fairy tale, are flashing
With lightning glow upon the dim stream of years,
And breaking on my spirit, with a power
I thought had died to live no more. I gaze
On scenes erst blended with the happy hours
Of youth and ecstasy, and feel that life,
Though shadowed by the raven wing of years,
Is not all bitterness. The flame
Has fallen, and its high and fabled flames
Perchance have faded, but the living fires
Still glow beneath the ashes; the bright stream
Is wasted, and its wave has ceased to sparkle
In gladness to the sunlight, and to bear
The flower upon its bosom, yet the waters
Are flowing in undying freshness still,
Deep in their hidden channels.

Oh! 'tis sweet
To gaze upon this breathing landscape! Here
My thoughts first revelled in the wild delight
Of new existence!—Here my infant eye
First dwelt on nature in her loveliness,
The golden flash of waters, the bright flowers,
That seemed to spring, in very wantonness,
From every hill and stream, and the earth's green leaves,
The moonlight mountains, the red glow of glory,
That deepening streams along the skies of morning,
And the rich heavens of sunset! Here I loved
To gaze upon the holy arch of eve,
In breathless longing, till my every thought
Blended with its high purity; to muse
Upon the stars, through many a lovely night,
Till their deep tones of mystic melody,
Were borne into my heart; to list at noon
The gentle voice of song-birds, in their gladness,
Lifting on high their matins, till my spirit,
Like theirs, gushed out in music, and to gaze
Upon the clouds, in glory wandering up
The deep blue zenith, till my soul, like them,
Went far away through Heaven's bright depths to seek
The home of thought and spirit.

Years have passed,
Yet o'er this spot, no change has come to tell
The noiseless flight of Time. The far off hills
Are still as green, the wave as musical,
The wild rose blooms as fresh and fair, the trees
Still east as soft a shadow, and as blue
The violet springs to woe the breath of Heaven,
As in my days of infancy. I range
Where erst I sported by the leaping stream,
And the glad song-birds as if they still remembered
And loved the stranger, chant the same sweet songs,
I strayed to hear, ere childhood's silken locks
Had darkened on my temples. Can it be
That the dark seal of time and change is set
Upon my brow!—Each spot I loved still blooms
In beauty undecayed; I hear no sound,
That tells the tale of years; and can it be,
That I alone am faded? Were it not,
That many a fearful tale of sin, and woe,
And strife, and desolation has been graven
On memory's darkest scroll—oh! were it not
That Passion's burning pathway has been traced
So deep, so fiercely vivid, that my heart
Is withering yet beneath it, I could deem
That I were still a pure and sinless child,
Just woken from a long, long dream of fears,
To gaze again, in infant recklessness,
On earth and heaven and ocean, and again
To paint the future as a lovely thought
Of bright and glorious visions.

I have been
A lone and joyless wanderer. I have roved
Abroad through other climes, where tropic flowers
Were offering up their incense, and the stars
Skimming, like living creatures—I have wandered
Where the soft skies of Italy were breathing
A beautiful transparency above,
And glory, like a lovely vision floating
O'er all the landscape, yet dear Fancy still,
Mid all the ruder glow of brighter realms,
It turned to picture the remembered home
That blest its earliest day-dreams. Must I go
Forth in the world again? I've tried its joys,
Till joy was turned to bitterness—I've felt
Its sorrows, till my heart was bursting
With the fierce rush of tears. The sorrowing infant
Clings to its mother's breast. The bleeding dove
Flies to her native vale, and nestles there,
To die amid the quiet groves where first
She tried her infant pinion. I could love
To linger thus amid the peaceful scenes
To memory dear. Oh! it were passing sweet
To rest forever on this lovely spot,
Where passed my days of innocence—to dream
Of the pure streams of infant happiness
Sunk in life's desert sands—to purify
My heart with sinless musings, and to lift
My aspirations to the central home
Of Love and Peace and Holiness!

IL-PENSEROSO.

O weep for Africa's sable race!
Condemned to slavery and disgrace!
For whom Improvement's brilliant train
Of useful arts exists in vain!
In whose dark hearts no genial flame
Burns at the great Redeemer's name!

MISCELLANEOUS.

VOICE OF THE PRESS. No. I.

[From the Daily Reformer.]

A GENTLEMANLY MOB.

MR. EDITOR:—I am not a citizen of Boston. I am most thankful that I am not. I should blush to own myself an inhabitant of a city where wealth secures impunity to the assassin, and broadcloth and fine linen protect the robber of the poor!

I speak plainly. It is high time to do so. If ever liberty was in jeopardy, if ever life was insecure against bloody violence, if ever truth and right were crushed under the heel of aristocratic despotism, they are most assuredly so now, and in this city.

The proceedings of last Wednesday are without a parallel. Looking at it then, as I am in common with all the representatives of the people from the country, must do, I can only regard them as an attempt on the life of a citizen, who had broken no law, and the deliberate execution of a deed of HIGHWAY ROBBERY in the open light of day! An offending citizen, seized in the heart of this metropolis! Dragged with a rope round his body amidst shouts and execrations and cries of 'kill him—kill him!' His body bruised and beaten, and his clothes torn in pieces! and his life only saved by his confinement in the loathsome and pestiferous cell of the city prison!

And by whom? By 'gentlemen of the first respectability'—by the wine-soaked and turfed Aristocrats—by the 'good society sticklers'—the 'standing and influence,' the genuine democracy-haters—the applauders of a superannuated relic of the Hartford Convention in Faneuil Hall—the elite of an Aristocracy-ridden city!

And who was their victim?—I have nothing to do with Mr. Garrison's sentiments on this occasion. I have my own views, however, and am not yet afraid to express them. But our business now is with the individual. He has violated no law. He has acted wholly under the sanction of the Constitution of Massachusetts. His doctrines are those of the Declaration of Independence and of Thomas Jefferson—and he had a right to express them.

Why, then, did the 'gentlemen of standing and property' rise against him? Because his doctrines strike at the root of the corrupt tree of aristocracy and oppression; because the advocate of equal rights is always hateful to those who grind the faces of the poor; because there is a natural sympathy between the Southern Slave-master and the northern Aristocrat; because it is pleasant to 'the gentility' to hear and say that the working-men of the North are on a level with the slaves of the South;—and lastly, because Garrison was, to use the polite and refined language of the Commercial Gazette, a 'poor devil'—quite a bore to 'the respectability'—one of the 'lower classes'—nothing but a printer!

Now talk of a war of the poor against the rich! The war has begun already, but the order is reversed. The rich have trampled down the poor in the heart of Boston, and no man cries shame upon them.

A DEMOCRAT.

[From the Salem Independent.]

THE MOB IN BOSTON.

It is with shame and regret that we record the fact, that the city of Boston has been disgraced with the riotous proceedings of a mob—and that at noon day. We have given in our paper to-day, extracts from the Boston Daily Advertiser and the Mercantile Journal, which furnish all the particulars of the affair.

We are sorry to see a disposition on the part of some of the Boston editors to sanction the doings of this mob. In fact, it is true that some of them, the Gazette especially, may be justly charged with inciting it. That paper has contributed with a reckless hand to enkindle the worst passions of men by gross and inflammatory misrepresentations of the designs of the abolitionists. The measures of the abolitionists are reprehensible, but how much more is that mad opposition to them to be deprecated, which would set law and reason at defiance, and arouse a popular fury which knows neither law nor reason, and which if permitted to rule, will speedily prostrate all that renders the continuance of our republic desirable.

We are in great danger, on occasions like the present, of exciting or palliating mobs and lawless violence, by looking merely to the circumstances which have directly or indirectly been the provoking cause. The truth is—and it is a truth which should be continually held up to public view—that nothing can in the least degree justify a mob. The supremacy of the laws must be maintained. Every, the least, departure from this principle, is at the peril of our liberties.

There appears to have been no effort on the part of the mayor or other authorities to quell the mob. The Centinel says 'the mayor and other officers deserve great credit for their efforts to preserve the peace of the city; but what these efforts were we are left to conjecture. We are told, it is true, that the mayor 'addressed the citizens,' but it is acknowledged to have been without effect. One would have thought that the recent experience at Baltimore had sufficiently tested the efficacy of this means of dispersing rioters. The idea of 'addressing' a mob in any other than the language of the cannon, is absurd. One single efficient step—one solid token of the power of armed law—would have put an end to riots in Boston for ten years at least; but now we may look for another on the next favorable occasion.

[From the New-England Spectator.]

THE BOSTON RECORDER AND THE MOB.

MR. EDITOR:—The course of the Recorder, in relation to the late outrage and violence committed by the mayor and citizens of Boston against the property and persons of abolitionists, deserves the unqualified reprobation of every Christian. Let the Editor of that paper hold, and freely express whatever opinions he pleases respecting our principles and measures,—let him denounce us, and exercise all his jesuitical art and cunning to pour contempt upon that heaven-born principle which is the foundation of abolitionism and of our temple of liberty, viz. that all men are created equal, that they (all men) are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;—(God be praised for this declaration, it has doomed American slavery, let the Recorder, if it please, ridicule that principle of abolitionists, immutable as the eternal God, and firmly fixed as the basis of his eternal throne, viz. that America ought to abolish immediately her legalized system of oppression, of whoredom, robbery and murder; let that paper pursue its heaven-insulting course on these matters. We have no

objections except such as flow from a deep regret that a paper professing to be a Christian paper, and an Editor professing to be a Christian minister, should thus join with proud and ungodly tyrants against rights which we hold from no human tenure, but from God, and against principles which constitute the basis, not of our government only, but of that of God. Let the Recorder speak as his cunning, jesuitical editor sees fit to make it. We only ask to be allowed to express our belief that it is wrong against the principles of eternal truth and right,—that it is fighting against God, and must change its tone or die in this unequal and impious struggle. It is a struggle between truth and error,—virtue and vice,—sin and holiness,—heaven and hell,—God and the devil. All that is against God—and all and every thing which is against the principles of abolitionists to against God—must fall.

But the mob—the Boston mob. O the forever to be lamented and almost sacrilegious combination of words!—What does the Recorder say of the mob? It has noticed it twice, as it has issued twice since it happened. The first notice is a short paragraph inserted between two other paragraphs, or communications. In the first communication, the Editor seems to us to make an attempt to hold up the abolitionists as authors of cut-throats. Why? Simply because we quote the solemn denunciation of God against the sin of slaveholding,—he that stretcheth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death. If we are such as the Recorder represents us to be, it might be thought we ought to be mobbed. At least, how could the editor suppose that any strictures, especially such gentle and loving ones, could make any impression on a mob, collected to do violence to such persons? This is the first item—abolitionists the abettors of cut-throats.

The third item asserts,—it is his (Mr. Garrison's) settled policy to provoke mobs as much as he can. Garrison was the man on whose property and person,—for they abused his person,—that mob committed the outrage which the Recorder had just noticed. What better excuse than this could that mob, whom the Editor had just castigated so gently, desire? Did not Garrison, according to the Recorder, wish to get up a mob? Can the mob be blamed for doing that which Garrison wished them to do? Had the editor studied long to put into the mouth of that mob an argument which to them could have seemed like a complete justification of their conduct, he would not have found one better adapted to his purpose. The editor tells us that he stood beside one who cried out 'lay hold on him (Garrison) as he comes out;' and he said to the ruffian, 'it was not best for any man to lay hold on any body contrary to law.' What reply could the mobocrat make to this spirited rebuke of the Editor? The very reply which the editor has framed for him,—it is his policy to provoke mobs as much as he can. He wishes me to seize him. Shall I not lay hold of a man when he so earnestly desires to have me do it?

Here then are the first and third items.—One tending to hold up the abolitionists as abettors of cut-throats,—the other, to represent them as extremely desirous to provoke mobs and to be mobbed. Between these two is the short notice of the mob. The notice does indeed say,—we hope they will be brought before the proper tribunals and receive according to their deserts. Such conduct must not be suffered to go unpunished. Good. Thanks. But before the editor hazards this assertion, and immediately preceding it, he says,—we have no doubt that a vast majority of those present were there as spectators, and would have resisted any serious attempts on life or property. The Editor could not insert this short and trifling notice of one of the most serious, alarming and disgraceful scenes ever witnessed in Boston since she expelled from her bosom those that would enslave her, without furnishing those engaged in it with an excuse that must be most satisfactory to them. Ask any one present, on that occasion, why he was there, and he might answer,—to resist any serious attempts on life or property. Yea, ask that man whom the Editor so sharply and keenly rebuked, why he cried out,—'lay hold on him.' He would answer,—to prevent 'any serious attempts on life or property.' Ask those men 'of standing and property' who called for Thompson, and demanded that he should be delivered up to them, why they thus called out? What they wanted of Thompson? 'Why, indeed,' they answer, 'that we may protect him from any serious attempts on life or property.'

Here, then, this little notice of a mob of thousands assembled purposely and avowedly, in open day, to deprive the citizens of Boston of a most sacred right, freedom of speech,—a right which we received from God, and which is guaranteed expressly in our own constitution,—is put in between two other notices, the tendency of both of which is to furnish the mob with two excuses, and the notice itself tends to furnish them with a still better excuse. Here, then, we have three communications in the Boston Recorder, tending as we think has been shown, to furnish the Boston mob with the three following excuses, to destroy freedom of speech:—

1. The principles and measures of the abolitionists are such as would justify their being mobbed.
2. The abolitionists wish to provoke mobs, as much as they can, and to be mobbed,—therefore it is right to mob them.
3. The mob only met to protect the abolitionists from any serious attempts, on their lives and property! Therefore, they did right to meet: yea it was their duty.

We will not comment on these apologies for that outrage on our dearest right. We only say that it is professedly a religious paper that offers them, and that it is patronized by Christian people. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

But the second notice seems to us to be more objectionable than the first, and to be a more open apology for that mob. After noticing, at some length, the doings of the mob, as a good citizen and Christian should notice them, the Recorder says,—it is clear that the evil-minded were very few,—that Garrison was at no time in their hands,—and that he was assured by those who first dragged him from his concealment, that he should not be hurt, and was carried (gentle and tender carrying to be sure) by them amidst numerous and continual cries of 'don't hurt him,' to the city hall, and delivered into the custody of the mayor. After all, then, it seems the mob 'snaked out Garrison,' as they called it, plundered him of his property, put a rope around his neck, and dragged him, or if the Recorder likes it better, gently 'carried' him to the city hall, only that they might deliver him safely and untouched in property or person into the hands of the mayor. Gentle mobocrats! How the Recorder loves you, and sympathizes with your tenderness towards the abolitionists! Ask those miscreants 'of property and standing' who they assembled, and howled out like demons their bitter curses and horrid blasphemies against the abolitionists and against God? 'Why,' they will answer in language furnished by the Recorder, 'there is not a single man of us come here for any other purpose than to see what was going on, or to rescue them from real or supposed danger.' It was doubtless a pleasant sight to the mob, and a most desirable rescue—up to the time when the mayor rescued Garrison from his affectionate rescuers. Ask that man who, as the editor says, was vociferating,—'lay hold on him,' and to whom he gave that terrible rebuke, 'Why do you wish to lay hold of him?' The Recorder

tells him what to answer,—'to deliver him into the custody of the civil authority.' The Recorder assures us that 'Garrison was at no time in the hands of the evil-minded.' How could those evil-minded who are said to have torn his coat, tied a rope around his neck and body, and dragged an abolitionist through the streets, to deliver him into the hands of the mayor? How could those dear gentlemen 'of property and standing,' who could treat abolitionists with such amiable tenderness and gentleness, be counted 'evil-minded' by the Boston Recorder? It is not to be thought of for a moment that a paper so full of just such tenderness and gentleness, could ever have the cruelty to call such men evil-minded. After all, this mob, which committed a most flagrant outrage on the dearest rights, and property and persons of peaceable citizens, turns out to be, as it seems the Recorder would have us think, a mere assembly of well disposed and honorable minded men, met to prevent mischief, and to see that the laws were properly executed. Does not the Boston Recorder justify mobs?

Of what use for the editor of that paper, in one breath, to condemn sin, and in the next to justify it? Why does he condemn mobs in one sentence, and in the next apologize for them? We think the Editor of the Recorder has forfeited his claim to the confidence of the Christian public by the manner in which he has treated this disgraceful and wicked outrage. That man who will offer one word of apology for a mob assembled as this was to put down freedom of speech and free discussion, especially when the subject of discussion involves the fundamental principles of all human liberty, viz. whether there shall be any legal marriage among men, and whether parents shall have a right to their own children, principles in which the very existence of our nation and the present and eternal interests of this fallen world are involved,—ought to be counted recreant to the Bible, a traitor to our country and our God. Shall such a man be sustained by the churches of New England?

WICKLIFFE.

Horrid Cruelty of a Father. A crime of the most horrid nature has just been discovered in a little village near Landau, Rhenish, Bavaria. The ages of Barbara cannot hardly offer an example of such atrocious cruelty. In that village resided a respectable family, consisting of the father, mother, son and daughter. Until the year 1823 they had always lived together in the greatest harmony. At that period the daughter, then very young, formed an attachment to a man of low birth and consequence, which circumstances gave the greatest offence to her family, and more especially to her father. Neither entreaties nor menaces were of avail to shake the young lady's affection for her lover; and the father, seeing that all was vain, resolved to employ the most horrid means to be revenged upon her. He directed her to go down into the cellars of the house, where he walled up a space in a corner so as to form a narrow dungeon, the entrance to which he afterwards closed up with stones and mortar, leaving only a small aperture through which the hand could be introduced for the purpose of supplying her with food. He then, to ally the suspense of his neighbors, gave out that he had sent his daughter to a boarding school. Shortly after he spread abroad a rumor that she was dead and went into mourning for her. During seven years the unfortunate girl remained enclosed in this dungeon. Every week the father took her some fresh straw to lie upon, and a measure of boiled potatoes which was to serve her for her whole nourishment until the next visit. About three weeks ago a happy accident delivered her from this dreadful dungeon. One of the servant maids whose curiosity had been excited by the father's conduct, and by the circumstance of its being strictly forbidden to all the family to enter the cellar, resolved to approach the interdicted cave. When at the door she began to sing, and soon afterwards she heard a faint cry in the corner. Approaching the spot whence the sound proceeded, she was soon enabled to open the door, and to rescue the poor girl. The maid immediately gave information to the authorities of the place, who, on arriving, released the wretched being from her long and doleful captivity. The father and mother have been placed in custody. The unfortunate girl, on being restored to the light of day presented the most hideous appearance. She was unable to stand, her legs having been so long bent under her as to have deprived her of all the use of them. Her body was covered with hair, and it was hardly possible to recognize a human being in the miserable and deformed object.

The Independent Bell. The bell hanging in the steeple of the old State House, in Chestnut street, in this city, which is rung on special occasions, is the one that assembled the people together to hear the Declaration of Independence read fifty-nine years ago. The metal of which the bell is composed was imported in the year 1752, in the shape of another bell, which having become injured by an accident, at the trial of singing, after its arrival, it became necessary to have it re-cast. Whether the remarkable inscription upon it was or was not upon the original bell, we have no means of ascertaining, but Watson, in his Annals of Philadelphia, expresses the opinion that we are indebted for it to Isaac Norris, Esq. at that time Speaker of the Colonial Assembly, under whose directions the bell was re-cast. This supposition is possibly correct, for it is hardly probable that the Assembly which ordered the bell from England, would have encouraged the risk of being suspected of the rebellious intentions which might have been inferred from its terms. The inscription was copied from the 25th chapter of the book of Leviticus, verse 10, in these words, 'Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.'

This prophetic command was literally obeyed by the bell on the 4th of July, 1776, and as it was the first bell in the United States that spoke treason, it was thought prudent to remove it from Philadelphia for safe keeping in 1777, when the British were about to visit Philadelphia, although its weight was 2080 pounds.—Philadelphia Gazette.

Articulate Derangement. A gentleman now residing in England, by reason of several paralytic shocks, affecting the muscular apparatus of the right side, has also lost the power of articulating the words which he fully intends to use to express his ideas. For example, instead of saying a thing is black, in spite of an effort to the contrary, he will perhaps say white. The moment he begins to write his mind upon any subject, the same strange derangement of the faculty of speech is exhibited in the written sentences. In figures however he is perfectly correct, and with customary ease, conducts the calculations. Having a fine cultivated taste for music, he enjoys it still, with undiminished pleasure, beating time accurately. Upon examination of this gentleman's head, two remarkable fissures were discovered, or rather spots, from which the bone seems to have been removed. One is on the left side, over the organ marked by the phrenologists, veneration; and the other, embracing parts of hope and conscientiousness. The sound of his voice is clear and strong as it ever was, yet instead of uttering any particular word on which his mind is fully intent, to the utter confusion of himself and auditors, some other, totally and ridiculously at variance with the subject of thought, is invariably articulated.—Scientific Tracts.

Massachusetts Silk Company. An association of gentlemen of this city and vicinity, under the able title, with a capital of \$100,000, have purchased a large tract of land in Framingham, Mass. 20 miles from this city, on the Worcester Railroad, and they have 100,000 trees of the White Mulberry, and 10 to 20,000 of the Morus Multicaulis trees, which are to be set out; and with the future addition of trees, will form a large plantation. They have made a selection of an unrivalled location, and there is every reason to believe that the Silk business, under the direction of the gentlemen interested, will succeed, and be a source of profit to themselves and a great benefit to the country. A plantation of 450 acres of White Mulberry trees, at six years of age, will produce 20 to 25,000 lbs. of raw silk annually, which, at \$4 per lb., will amount to the enormous sum of \$100,000.—N. E. Farmer.

Pay the difference of Exchange, but don't enclose it in a country newspaper, as many of them are not opened. Being somewhat interested in Ohio elections, we opened a paper and found a two dollar note loose in it, sent to pay exchange. Is money so plenty there that it can be so risked?—Noah.

Adventure between a Hotentot and a Lion. The grass about us was exceedingly tall, and the country abounded in spring-bucks; one of our Hotentots thought he perceived one among the grass, and crept close up to it in order to make sure of his shot, when on rising to discharge his piece, he found himself close upon a large male lion, which instantly set up a loud roar. The man fled, and being near the wagons, was not pursued by the Hotentots. 'I saw,' said he, 'a spring-buck which I made sure of having in the pot to night; but when I got close to it I found it was the governor. I was just going to fire, when he asked me in a loud tone, 'What are you going to do?' 'Oh,' said I, 'beg your pardon. I did not know it was your honor, or I should not have presumed to draw so near you. I hope your honor will not consider it an insult, and I shall instantly retire.' So I scampered away a great deal quicker than I went to him.—Steelman's Wanderings in South Africa.

We learn that a very fair business has been done late at Truro, and Provincetown by driving on shore several schools of Black Fish. The vigilant and enterprising fishermen along our shores allow no intrusion or trespass upon their territory or into their waters, without taking cognizance thereof in the most profitable manner. We wish his snake ship, the Sea Serpent, would show himself within the waters of Provincetown; Lynch law would be applied to him directly, we are sure.—Barnstable Patriot.

Fatal Accident. Another melancholy accident the result of carelessness in the use of fire arms, is mentioned in the Gettysburg (Pa.) Sentinel, a having occurred in Oxford, Adams County, on the 24th ult. A number of children were playing near a small shop, in which it seems, a loaded gun had been left, and a small lad picking it up, pointed it towards the youthful group and threatened to shoot. They all ran, except a little girl, a daughter of Jonathan Christ, deceased, and the boy pointing the gun at her and discharging it in that direction, the whole load was lodged in her side. The little sufferer, who was only eight years old, and the sole daughter of a widowed mother, languished until the next day, when death came to her relief.—Balt. Pat.

Spitting of Blood. Cases not unfrequently occur in which much unnecessary alarm is created by the issue of blood from the mouth, which is supposed to proceed from the lungs or the stomach, but which, on examination, is found to have its source in the fauces, posterior nares, or the gums. A case of this kind is related in a late number of the Dublin Journal. The individual, a delicate lady, awoke at five o'clock in the morning, with what she called a 'spitting of blood.' The remedy resorted to was without avail, until the arrival of the second physician, who, on examining the mouth, discovered that the hemorrhage proceeded from the sockets of two of the lower incisor teeth which were loose. The bleeding was easily arrested, after extracting the teeth.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

The Detroit Journal of a late date says:—We regret to learn that a highly respectable citizen, resided at Ypsilanti, on Monday night. The house in which the Acting Governor lodged was assailed, the windows of his chamber broken; and to secure himself from their missiles, he was obliged to remove a part of his bed to the floor, where he slept till morning. It was Clark's tavern. In the morning, we are informed, the host charged him five dollars, to pay for the damage done by the mob to his house.

Who can beat this Bet? In the garden of Mr. Isaac Hinckley, of this village, a Bet of the common kind was raised, which weighed nineteen pounds, two ounces. When the bet was related to us, another agriculturalist—think of that! an agriculturalist on Cape Cod—thought that he had raised bet which would weigh 24 lbs. The sounds larger, if nothing more, but we should be very well satisfied with raising a nineteen pounder.—Barnstable Patriot.

A Promising Crop of Candidates. A Mississippi paper says there are at present about a dozen candidates for office in that State, two thousand of whom treat for voters, that is, as we take it, they dispense whiskey; and the same paper is of opinion that about one thousand of the number are demagogues. We dare say the Mississippi Editor may be about right, but we think his estimate of the demagogues too moderate. Among four thousand office-seekers the most of course be more than a thousand demagogues.

Dreadful Occurrence. The Charleston S. C. Patriot, of Oct. 31, contains the following account of a horrid occurrence which lately took place in that quarter:—

The Aiken (S. C.) Telegraph of the 29th Oct. records one of the most horrid butcheries of which we have ever read. The house of a Mr. Smith, on Ford Creek, was forcibly entered at night, the inmates, thirteen persons murdered, many valuable articles stolen, and then the house destroyed by fire with the bodies of the victims. These were Mr. Smith, his wife, and five children, and six German emigrants, who had stopped for the night on their way to some of the upper districts. Suspicion rests on a white man, who had been seen dogging about for some days. A reward of ten thousand dollars is offered for the discovery of the murderer.

Mr. Smith is represented to have been a wealthy, intelligent and honest man, and was for several years a member of the State Legislature.

The following anecdote told by Mr. Mason, of Missouri, we think will not be amiss to some of our friends who are in the habit of taking medicine on medicine. 'I had been taking medicine for eight months, and getting worse; when my friends advised a sea voyage. On my way to consult Dr. E. B. Smith, of New Orleans, the doctor visited me and left this prescription: 'Take no more physic and go home.' I did so, and in a few weeks recovered.

Substantial Reasons for Trusting no books. A lady went to a circulating library in order to borrow books, but objected to leaving the pledge required for their safe return. 'Do you always take a pledge?' said she. 'Invariably,' said the librarian. 'What of acquaintance as well as strangers?' 'Equally the same rule.' 'Seems to me that's very odd.' 'It may be very odd, ma'am, but it's very safe.' 'Oh, how liberal!' 'I'm sorry you think so; but the truth is, we don't trust strangers, because we don't know them, and because you don't know them? Very good; what's the reason you don't trust your acquaintance?' 'Because we do.'—N. Y. Transcript.

On Thursday evening, a lad, sitting on the steps of a door in Canton street, occupied by Mr. Gardner, was ordered off, but refused to go, when Mr. G. forcibly put him off. The boy went home and told his father, whose name is Wagner, who attacked Gardner, and stabbed him with a sword cane, so that his life is in danger. Wagner is in jail.—Briggs' Bulletin.

Boston and Worcester Railroad. The amount of receipts on the Boston and Worcester Railroad during the month of October was \$14,221.25, of which \$12,301.73, were received for fare of passengers, and \$1,919.55, for freight.—Advertiser.

If we understand that the amount of revenue that accrued in Boston the last month (October) was \$340,630—the amount that accrued in the corresponding month last year was \$319,805—increased \$14,825.

The New Orleans Union expresses the opinion that the Legislature of Louisiana will, at its next session, enact a law forbidding the owners of slaves from emancipating them without an express condition that they shall be sent to Liberia.

Capt. Bossier. Statements heretofore published have made known the nature of the contest between Capt. Bossier and Mr. Baylies of Washington City. The former was indicted for assault on the latter, and the case was decided in favor of the latter, who was acquitted. We presume that the cause is to be reported at large. We understand that Mr. Baylies publicly acquitted Capt. Bossier of all impropriety of conduct toward his ward, and exonerated her from all censure.—Baltimore Chron.

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